

## why do we keep backsliding by charjace

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti)

**Genre:** M/M, age? the're like late thirties is when i set them in this tbh, all other losers are like mentioned at least once, angst with fluff i promise

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Richie Tozier/Stamley Uris

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-11-28

**Updated:** 2019-11-28

**Packaged:** 2019-12-19 02:57:52

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 3,182

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

it's two am, picking up my phone and you're standing in my porch light

# why do we keep backsliding

## Author's Note:

based on the song; backsliding by carrie underwood

## Early March 2016

It had been really bad, they got so *loud* - so heated and words were thrown around. Words that they would never truly mean, but they're just so tired of it all. Something has been picking at them, making them itchy and all they do is scratch. They scratched until it bleed all over the place, and there was nothing they could do about it but watch as it bleed everywhere, staining everything in sight.

It's been coming a long way, but they were in denial of the end of their relationship that was bubbling up. They tried to fight for it, they tried but they broke. Tonight, was the night it broke and they couldn't fight for *them* anymore, it was too much and they loved each other too much to do that to each other.

"So, this is it," Richie says as he pushes his glasses up his face, using it as an excuse to wipe at the tears that had fallen down his face during their argument. He's trying to be *tough*, trying to act as if it's not hurting him inside as they do this. The thing they've been avoiding for months, they both know it and pushed it away until they couldn't anymore. "Um, I'll collect my things in the morning. I'll call Bev, see if she can take me in for a while."

"Okay, I'll put everything in a box ready for you then," Stan replies, he's letting the tears that fall down stay there. He doesn't have the energy to wipe them away, the fight had taken it from him. "I wish you luck."

"Same to you. I'll go now," Richie turns to walk out of their bedroom that they've been sharing for two years, they'd been together a year before moving in together, into the same bedroom. He was a few steps out of the room before he turned back, pulling off his ring with a sad smile, "You should keep it, you paid for it."

And with that, Richie left and Stan watched as the other got into his car and drove away. He clamped a hand over his mouth before he broke out into sobs, after a while he composed himself before calling up Mike.

## Late July 2019

What was he doing? He didn't really know; all he knew was that he couldn't sleep as his mind kept racing back to the past few months. Everything playing back, every moment that he had spent with Richie playing itself back like a movie on a projector. They've finally fallen back into their normal habits without it feeling weird, without them wondering if they *can* or cannot do that anymore. He likes how they've gotten to how they were again because he missed not being certain around Richie. In all honesty, he just missed Richie, missed *full on* Richie and was happy that he was getting that part again.

He runs his hand over his face as he stares at his ceiling for a few minutes, his phone goes off and he picks it up, smiling to himself when he sees that Richie had sent him a bird meme. He missed those, he missed getting them sent to him, to *just* him. For a moment, he wonders why Richie wasn't asleep but he doesn't care as he sends Richie a photo of Oscar the Grouch with a caption saying 'You and your home'. He laughs when Richie sends him the finger emoji, he falls asleep a few minutes later with a smile upon his lips.

## Mid August 2016

Stan had noticed it in the way that Richie and Bill interacted with each other, with how much *closer* they had gotten, and how free Richie felt with being able to touch Bill. In the way they were more *affectionate* with each other compared to before. Richie had always been a *hands-on* type of person, no matter the relationship he had with the person – but Stan could see the subtle way Richie's touch would linger longer on Bill than it would on Eddie, or Ben, or any of the others. He knows it because he's *felt* it, he also knows those looks that they give each other. Stan looks away when they finally do share a quick *kiss* in front of him one day, he shouldn't be so hurt – it's been a few months and right now they're both on dates.

Though, *why* they went on a double date – Stan could never figure out why they did that. Eddie reached under the table to give his hand a small squeeze, and Stan flashed him a smile. He was thankful for it; he could move on. Eddie was a good guy, a little *talkative* , but he knew when not to go too far with Stan.

### **Early August 2019**

One night, he woke up at 2 am, he didn't know why but he took this time to go to the bathroom and check his phone. There wasn't anything on his phone, but – he did almost find himself calling up a certain number to hear a certain voice. A voice that would probably be broken due to sleep, or full of life due to the caffeine or alcohol he was using to stay up. His finger hovers over the call button, maybe he'd get voicemail instead and hear that stupid *crappy* old joke the other hasn't bothered to change since he got it.

He hovers wondering to himself, why was he doing this – he doesn't need to do this. It's not like hearing Richie's voice would make it easier for him to go back to sleep at this late hour. Not like he wishes they could go right back to when they were dating, and how he could just kiss Richie whenever he wanted, or hear his voice for no other reason then to *listen to it* .

He shouldn't even be thinking about Richie this late in the hour, he tells himself over and over that he's over Richie. That he's happy, that maybe he'll ask out that cute girl he sees in the coffee shop every morning before he goes to work. But, he doesn't. He doesn't ask her out, he doesn't call him this late and just goes back to sleep.

### **Late February 2017**

They were in a club; Stan didn't really like them but was putting up with it because it's the first time since they broke up that Richie has asked Stan to do something together. He went with it, because he was hoping it would start them on the track to going back to where they were before they dated. He had to watch as Richie slowly got drunker as the night went on, Stan only having had a few himself.

Out on the dancefloor, Richie held Stan close enough that he could smell the drinks that Richie had consumed and the cigarette he had

smoked five minutes ago. A slow song suddenly started playing, and Stan was going to go take a seat, when Richie pulled him close wrapping his arms around Stan's waist. "Dance with me Stan," The words were slurred, and Stan couldn't find it in himself to say no, so he wrapped his own arms around Richie's neck as they started to sway to the music.

Richie ended up resting his head against Stan's, and just as the song was ending, Richie was leaning in – pressing his lips against Stan's. The music changes pace and Stan is grabbing hold of Richie's hand, pulling him out of the club towards his own car. He wasn't drunk, his last drink was two hours ago - he had been fine just watching Richie and playing sober driver. "Richie you can't do that!" Stan whisper yells as he opens up the car and climbs in.

"You use to like it," Richie's words are still slurred as he fumbles his way into the car.

"Yeah, but you have a *boyfriend!*" Stan exclaims, he was happy that Richie and Bill were going far, unlike him and Eddie, they didn't make it past three months before calling it quits, though, they're still good friends.

There was a laugh that left Richie's lips, there was a sadness to it that caused Stan to look at the other, "Bill broke up with me, like... this morning. Guess he couldn't handle all this," He was trying to get Stan to laugh, but it didn't work, it only made Stan *worry* .

He drove them to his place, where he let Richie sleep on his bed next to him. Stan running his fingers through Richie's hair as the other fell asleep. Part of Stan tells him that he shouldn't be doing this, that he should have driven Richie to Bev, or Mike, or anyone but his own home. That he didn't have to deal with a heartbroken Richie, but another part was glad he was the one dealing with it. That part was happy that he was the one Richie went too about this, like they were back in high school and he had his first break up, when Richie first came out that it was to *him* . It reminded him of a much simpler time, were they hadn't fought too much and just loved each other.

**Mid October 2019**

The wind was cold as he opened up the door, someone had been knocking on it for a few minutes, having woken him up from a dream he was so happily having. Many things ran through his mind of why someone would be pounding on his door in the early morning of the hours, who would wake him up a few hours before his alarm was set to go off. One of those things that ran through his mind, was *not* Richie standing at his front door.

With his arms crossed against his chest, Stan gives a small tilt of his head, “What the hell Richie! Do you have any idea what time it is?”

“I know, I know,” Richie says, and Stan can see many emotions running across Richie’s face in the light that was coming from the light above him. He lets out a small huff, running his hand over his face, “God, I can’t do this. I can’t... I, *fuck!*”

Stan was surprised when Richie stepped forward and grabbed hold of his face, his thumb moving gently across Stan’s cheek and Stan didn’t want it to stop. He knew what he wanted Richie to do, he could do it himself, but he felt like he shouldn’t. Like this wasn’t *his* confession, not yet.

## **Early March 2018**

Late night calls have become a thing for them, Stan tells himself it’s because they’re friends again – that they’re falling back into their old habits, that it wasn’t because he loved to hear Richie’s voice just for the sake of it. He tells himself that is why Richie does it too. That Richie just wants his best friend back, that he doesn’t want to hear Stan’s voice for no other reason than it’s *Stan’s* voice. Those nights, Stan finds it so much easier to fall asleep.

He tells himself, it’s a relapse of going back into *very* old habits when he finds himself pressed up against Richie after everyone else has gone home and it’s only them left in his home. That it means nothing more than a way to stop the loneliness they feel as they press their lips together, as fingers run through each other’s hair, as hands explore old places. That together, like this as they fall asleep in each other’s arms was just a temporary fix for their loneliness, that they’ll find someone else in the long run.

He promises himself that it doesn't hurt when he wakes up alone in his bed, that his heart doesn't sink to the ground as he walks himself over to the drawers and pulls out one of Richie's old shirts that he still had. That he had forgotten to pack when he put all of Richie's things together. He tells himself it doesn't have to mean a single thing as he pulls on the shirt that is baggy on him and he makes his start on the day.

He tells himself this every time they find themselves doing this little *dance* .

### **Mid October 2019**

"Richie?" Stan's voice is gentle as he speaks the other's name, they'd been standing there for a few moments. Just, his face in Richie's hands as none of them dared to move any further.

"I..." Richie drops his hands from Stan's face, and Stan feels his heart drop and the place where Richie's hands where felt cold. Richie's hands go into his pocket, he was shoving them in deeply as he took a step back. "I'm sorry."

"Do you want to come in?" Stan offers, because right now, he's desperate for this to continue because there is a huge part of him that feels like if he lets Richie leave, that this would be his last chance . *Their* last chance, at what – that part Stan wasn't hundred percent sure about, but he did know he wanted to find out.

### **Late April 2019**

It was normal for him to wake up to the bed empty after nights like last night, he was use to it by now. His body taking him through the similar motions of getting out bed, pulling out that *one* shirt he never seemed to be able to return and putting it on as he headed into his kitchen. All of that was normal now for him, *except* that this morning he noticed Richie's unruly hair from the couch. Stan doesn't say anything as he fixes himself his morning coffee before sitting on the opposite end of the couch.

Richie was staring down into his cup that he held in his hands, and Stan wonders how long Richie's been up because there wasn't steam

coming up from the cup like there was his own. It's quiet for a few moments, like it was after they had a fight. It was a deadly silence and he wasn't sure if he wanted to break it. In the end, Richie broke it, "This was the last time, I swear. We said we would move on, we should really do that."

"Okay, I agree," But does he? Does he really want to move on from Richie? He should, because this wasn't good for either of them. It's not helping them move on, not when they just keep going back to each other whenever they just feel a little *too* lonely for their own comfort. "Last time." Like the last time, they kept saying it as they fell asleep. That *that* was the last time, but each time - they come back a month or two later. But, Stan knew it was real this time because Richie stayed to say it again, he had stayed in the morning to repeat the words, *the last time* .

## Mid October 2019

They're sitting on his couch next to each other, and it's been quiet ever since he offered Richie to come in. None of them said anything, and it's like they're waiting for the other shoe to *drop* . There is a familiar ache to say something, to say anything to break the silence that was eating them up. Yet, neither of them knew how to break it – neither knew what they wanted to say to get the ball rolling. Stan had the words, but they were jumbled and he was trying to place them in the right order so he could get them out.

After another few minutes of silence Richie puts his head on Stan's shoulder, and Stan can see the slight *shake* in Richie's shoulders. A few drops hit Stan's shoulder so he puts his arm around Richie, holding him closer to him.

"I love you," Richie's voice says after a while, it's quiet but it was loud in the room. It was loud to his ears because of the way those words were spoken. He can hear how Richie means them, and he feels a tear of his own start to form. "I thought we could do it, move on. But then, we just... kept backsliding, and I was so desperate for any kind of love, that I kept going back to you because you were always there. A constant, something I couldn't live without. Something I *can't* live without. I thought I could deal with the backsliding, but I couldn't."

He doesn't know what to say, so he just squeezes Richie closer and places a kiss to the top of Richie's head as they fall into another silence. Though, this one was a little more bearable – and now he was the one to break it after a few moments. It's time for *his* confession, he feels It's his time for it as Richie has said his piece. "I love you too Rich," He moves so he is in front of Richie, giving him a smile, reaching a hand up to wipe at the tears that stained Richie's face away. "I always will. You're my fucking best friend man, I love you. I *love* you."

Taking this time, Stan moves into kiss Richie. It was a soft, quick kiss and he only pulls apart enough that he can still feel Richie's breath on his lips, "I. Love. You. I love you, and your stupid jokes, and your everything. I -"

Stan was cut off by Richie grabbing hold of Stan, pulling him as close as he could as he kissed him, "I love you," Richie whispers as he pulls away just a little, before going back in, smiling into the kiss as Stan moves so he was sitting in Richie's lap. Stan's hands in Richie's curls as Richie held Stan in place on his lap. "So fucking *much* Stan. I love you, forever."

They're breathing heavily, Richie's glasses a little *skewed* on his face and Stan fixes that and smiles at the fond smile that grows on Richie's face. Stan can feel Richie fisting the shirt he was wearing in his hands, "I also love you in my shirts. It's always been so sexy," Richie murmurs into Stan's ear, and Stan can feel his face heat up and he buries his face into the crook of Richie's neck.

"You clichéd dumbass," Stan's words were muffled a little against Richie's neck, causing Richie to laugh. The sound was music to Stan's ears, and he basked in it for a little bit before saying, "We should go to bed, I've got work in the morning." He climbs off of Richie, holding out his hand towards him, "No funny business, at least – not tonight."

Richie took his hand, and they went into the bedroom where they slept, cuddling until Stan's alarm went off, and Richie was clinging to him, begging him to *not* go. Stan managed to wriggle free from Richie's grasps, pressing a kiss to his forehead before making a start on the day. Today he felt was going to be a good day.

**Author's Note:**

i have a few other fanfics i'm working on / plan on doing! i can't promise when any of them will come out. you can talk to me on tumblr @ either quccnofmean or wiildhcartsrn